NUMB. XXXIII.

The GRUMBLER.

By Squire GIZZARD.

Tractent fabrilia fabri. Hor.

From *Friday* July 8. to *Tueſday* July 12. 1715.

THE preſent unhappy Diviſion of the free-born Subjects of *Great-Britain*, has filled this Iſland with Politicians of all Ranks and Sizes. A Captain General, an Admiral, a Lord Treaſurer, a Secretary of State cannot make one Step, which the meaneſt Artificer does not think himſelf qualified to judge of. From this favourable Opinion, which the People in general entertain of themſelves, proceeds that univerſal thirſt after News, which rages amongſt the inferior Commons of the Land. There is a Grocer in *Fleet-ſtreet*, who ſhall be more attentive to a Relation of what has paſſed in either of the Houſes of Parliament, with the Debates on each ſide, than to the Propoſals of a Cuſtomer, who is willing to trafick with him for a whole Tub of Raiſins. And my Sword Cutler, who opened Shop ſince the Congreſs at *Utrecht*, expreſſes himſelf with as much bitterneſs againſt the late Peace, as if he had furniſhed the Army with edged Tools during the whole Series of the glorious Campaigns in *Flanders*.

This impertinent Care for the Welfare of the Publick, and reſtleſs Enquiry into the Intreagues and Conduct of Stateſmen, is in no Order of Men ſo prevalent, as amongſt the Fraternity of Barbers: And, what is ſtrange, it has been ſo Time out of Mind, as appears by very good claſſical Authority. As a Coffee-Houſe is a publick Mart for News, ſo a Barber's Shop is a Place, where Intelligence is retailed to ſingle Cuſtomers, as they happen to drop in. The Barber, I have conſtantly employed, is a profeſſed Jacobite and a notorious Newſmonger; however the Fellow has taken ſuch a liking to my Perſon, notwithſtanding my Principles, that, ſince my removal from the *Temple*, he has tranſplanted his Pole from the *Strand* to *Tower-Hill*; and for two Reaſons I am not ſorry for it; Firſt, becauſe he manages my Whiskers with great Decency; and in the next Place, becauſe he lets me into all the Secrets of his Party, in hopes to make a Convert of me.

Yeſterday Morning I ſent for him to ſhave me, and found him in a more communicative Humour than ordinary; being at that Time not engaged in Thoughts of much Importance, I encouraged his Loquacity. I was not a little diverted to hear him run on in ſuch an odd medly of News, which how ridiculous

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ridiculous ſoever it may appear to Men better verſed in Probabilities, ſerves to keep alive the Hopes of a great many Wretches, who have lived in one continued Deluſion for above theſe five and twenty Years.

" Well *Dick*, ſaid I, what News from *Lorrain* " now? Ah! Squire, cryed he, I fear I ſhall never " be able to open your Eyes in Time, your Wor- " ſhip is aſhamed of being led by the Noſe by a " poor Barber; but I could tell you ſuch Things, " and unpack ſuch a Budget of Secrets, as would " ſoon reconcile your Honour to my Scheme of " Politicks. Firſt then, you muſt know Sir, that " the Pretender, as you are pleaſed to call him, " is a very handſome hopeful young Gentleman: " His Face is every Day in the Week as ſmooth " as I ſhall make yours this Morning. Then he " killed a Boar-Pig when he was but eight Years " old. At Sixteen he ventured to come within " three Miles of the Duke of *Marlborough*; and " was not daunted at the Sight of a Battel from a " high Tower. Then, you know, he would once " have landed at *Scotland*, if he had not ſeen Sir " *George Bing* through a Spying-Glaſs, of whom " he had no Opinion. Then, Mr. *Gizzard*, his " Zeal for the *Church* is as well known as that of " his Father. But, would you think it, as ſure as " you ſit in this Chair, the Duke of *Berwick* was " in the Pariſh of St. *James*'s laſt Winter; and " drank many a Bottle to Somebody's Health, with " Somebody that I could name. I know your " Friends are of Opinion, that our Champion is " at preſent out of all Hopes: But it is ſo far from " being ſo bad with him, that, to my certain " Knowledge, he has refuſed a Cardinal's Cap " within theſe two Months; and has beſpoke a " Crown and Sceptre at a Goldſmiths in *Paris*.

My Friend *Dick* had now given the laſt finiſhing Touches to my Face; when having my Throat no longer at his Mercy, I could not refrain from laughing at the Fellow's Simplicity; and I ventured to ask him, how a Perſon of his Profeſſion could be ſo overſeen, as to ſtickle for a Man without a Beard. Here my Barber began to be a little angry with me, for ſpeaking ſo lightly of the Legitimate Off-ſpring of King *James* the Second; upon which I diſmiſt him with this ſhort Story.

An old Bencher of my Acquaintance, being aſked why he was ſo zealous againſt the Pretender, ſaid, he had two main Objections againſt him; Firſt, he was very much inclined to believe, that he was not the Son of King *James*. His Friend thereupon labouring to convince him as to that Point: he replied, my ſecond Objection then to him will be, that he is King *James*'s Son.

Mr. *Wilkins* brought me the following Letter Yeſterday; which I ſhall inſert here, out of Juſtice to myſelf, as well as out of Regard to the Place from whence it comes.

Cambridge July 7.

SIR,

" YOUR *Abſtract of the Report from the Committee* " begins to have a very good Effect a- " mongſt a great many Fellows and Students of " this Univerſity. We are in general too much " engaged in other Studies, and ſome of us too " much prejudiced to be at the Pains of undeceiving our ſelves by reading the *Report* at large. " I am deputed, by a Set of New Converts, to " thank you for letting them into the Conduct of " the Late Miniſtry, at ſo eaſy and ſo cheap a " Rate. I have had the Curioſity to compare your " Performance with the Original, and find you " have abridged it with ſo much Candour and Fidelity, as to give no falſe Colour to any one " Fact, nor to omit any other Circumſtance that " is material. This will make us the readier for " the future to take our Informations from you " in Matters relating to the Publick.

I am, *SIR*,

Your very Humble Servant,

T. P.

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